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# INTER NOS

Vol. IX

DECEMBER 1957

No. 4

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### *Editorial*

As we come to the fourth issue of INTER NOS, our thoughts turn to the loveliest celebration of the year—the feast of Christmas—so dear to all hearts, both young and old.

We think of the appeal the Crib has for children, as they gaze in wondering love at the stable, harboring Mary and Joseph, who kneel in adoration beside the manger—the bed of the Christ, new born—Who scorning silken coverlets, chooses poverty, in His bed of straw.

Perfect conformity to God's Holy Will makes the hearts of His Mother and Foster Father satisfied with the poor stable, as their love prepares His cradle—a manger from which feed two beasts whose master has sheltered them here, from the chill December winds, blowing over Bethlehem's hill tops.

His witnesses, earth's holiest pair, kneel quietly, waiting for the hour of silent midnight; a star, unusual in its brilliant beauty, heralds His arrival, the air suddenly rings out the hymn of Heaven's choir, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." The WORD MADE FLESH has come to dwell amongst us.

May you all share in the blessings of a holy and happy Christmas, and may the New Year find your hearts at peace with God, secure in His protective blessings.

Sister M. Dolorosa

## English Christmas Customs

By Patricia Mears

Some of you who read this article will probably think—"Well, what's so different about that custom, we do thus and so which is practically the same," and some of you may even say—"why, we do exactly the same thing!" This can be accounted for in the vast amount of common ground in the basis of English and American custom. During the centuries the original meanings of a custom die out or are remembered by only a few, but even then the "outward forms" remain. These forms may be unchanged, but the vast majority show the influences of time, which carry change continually onward, movements and migrations, which carry people to new homes and localities, and eventually interpretations of a custom by sectional groups and even families which seek to assert their own individuality in this manner. Many of the following customs will be familiar to you—if not in precise, at least in hear-say—but perhaps, as I mentioned above, our family has developed some of its own which will interest you.

When we were in England, and even here in California—with minor adjustments to the loss of snow—we spend a typically "Dickens" Christmas. The usual dish is goose—which is fairly common in England, but rather hard to come by here.

For dessert we have the traditional Christmas pudding. This is made at the end of October—as is the mincemeat—and it is steamed for about twelve hours until it gets very dark—the blacker the better! Brandy or some other spirits are poured over it and then set afire. After adding a sprig of holly to the top, we turn out the lights and carry in the pudding lit by its own blue flame. We also have small mince pies and rich, dark fruit cake.

Although we use the name "Santa Claus," English children are more familiar with "Father Christmas," and letters are written, well in advance, to inform him of their choice of presents. These letters are often thrown in the fire so that the message can be carried up the chimney (which he will eventually come down) by the smoke, and thereby relayed to him.

Stockings are "hung by the chimney with care," but it is logical that a pillowslip holds more than a stocking. As a result the linen closet is raided and mother's best linen is flaunted from bed-rail, bed-room door-knob, or anywhere that will be sure to catch the Good Saints' eye.

On Christmas Day there is a huge attendance at Church—and then comes the opening of the presents. Dinner is eaten at mid-day in England, but over here we dine at about six o'clock in the evening. Most people spend a quiet afternoon at home, the younger children happily dismantling their new toys to see what "makes them go." In the evening the family gathers around the piano to sing carols—

our family's specialty is "Oh, How Beautiful Upon the Mountain." Groups of children and grown-ups go around caroling in the evenings a week or so before Christmas. They sing one or two carols at each house, and collect a sum of money if their performance has been appreciated.

The day after Christmas is known as Boxing Day. This is when the post-man, and milk-man and etc. are given their Christmas presents or "boxes." It is a recognized public holiday in England.

As I mentioned before, America has continued many English customs, and adapted them to meet its own needs and whims. I would like to point out here that it would be admirable to employ the same principle in regard to Boxing Day. Do I have the support of the student-body?

### LITTLE SON

BY YVONNE ZORNES

Winner of \$25.00 prize in Poetry Contest

*Little son,  
laughed into dimples  
though the moon-cookie  
is too far,—  
I pray there  
might grow big, with you,  
this joy in being  
who you are.*

## TOUCH

### The Cardinal Essence of Piano Playing

By Dr. Will Garroway

The question of touch, this magic yet basic component in the growth and art of pianism, has long been controversial among students, teachers and artists, and patently through the years, it has been burdened with a redundancy of discussions and innumerable monographs supporting opposite theories. If it were not apparent that many students today are still perplexed, any further discussion might seem pointless. But as many listeners wish to become better informed and more articulate in regard to its functions, a renewed study of it may clarify the confusion in the wide divergence of opinions concerning it.

Touch is the very soul of piano playing, yet it must be natural, relaxed and individual. It reveals personality; it is the vehicle for the technical control of dynamics and color; it motivates rhythm; and without an intimate appreciation of its various resources, playing the piano becomes largely a dull, pedantic and mechanical exhibition. Moreover, touch is that particular esoteric implement through which all playing becomes evocative, compelling and truthful.

There obviously can be no negative opinion that the keys are operated by the fingers and in the fingers the nerve-ends are centered; and through nerve impulses our physical intentions and emotions are transmitted to the keys and thereby transformed into tone. However, this in reality is only a small part of the physical aspect of touch. The hands are as sensitive and perhaps are more expressive of emotional impulses than the fingers themselves. Basic and natural impulses of social contacts are transmitted to our fellow beings through the touch of hands, either in loving or angry intentions. It seems, really in all truth, that the language of touch through the hands communicates almost as completely as does speech. This personal and humanistic energy generated by the nervous system, through the instrument of touch is the potent medium which transmits all emotion to the piano from the heart and brain.

By hampering touch with rigid method, harnessing its effectiveness with empirical and mechanical theories, the entire art of the piano is reduced to barren pedantry.

The technic of touch, as taught universally today, can be grouped in two broad appositive categories: percussive finger strength versus weight and relaxation.

The partial decline of percussion in touch, as the only method of playing, began with the introduction and eventual acceptance of the theories of weight and relaxation. The final acceptance of both methods was the inevitable result of the growth and mutation of the piano coupled with the demands and expansion of the pianistic literature.



Composers and artists, more and more, desired and demanded a freer and more encompassing medium for the creation of music. Composing and producing music in the Romantic and Impressionistic periods reflected more realistic human experience than ever before. From formal counterpoint essays, music grew to include, through the medium of opera, symphony, string quartet and song, a literature depicting and dramatizing all aspects of life. And I, for one, am convinced that the piano was and is the chief and inspired servant of music's phenomenal growth.

The antecedents of the modern piano are the harpsichord, clavi-chord, and the earliest pianos of Christofori and Silbermann. These early instruments were played with a light elastic finger touch, principally because their actions had a much shallower depth of keystroke than the modern grand of today. Their smaller size and more fragile construction produced a relatively smaller tone with less singing power. The harpsichord produced its tone with a plectrum, as in the guitar, stimulating legato but producing a perfect staccato. The clavichord was not a plucked instrument, but one whose hammer struck the string. It was a very small instrument producing a small but singing tone. Here, also, finger activity sufficed to play legato and staccato, but with only faint degrees of piano.

Today, no unbiased person can oppose the need of strong flexible and agile fingers, nor can anyone conversant with the physical demands of modern chord playing—from monumental fortes to caressing pianissimos—deny the necessity for strong arches in both hands, supported by pliable wrists and at all times relaxed shoulders. It goes without saying that these qualities are acquired by muscular development and ardent physical exercise. Further, the attainment of synchronizing tensions with relaxation is only acquired by intense mental control of both functions. Athletes in many sports develop their skills through an untaught acquisition of this self-same integration of tensions and relaxation. Herein lies the truer meaning of the verb "to play." We *play* a piano, but too often many of us merely *work* it, or worse, attempt to *operate* it as if it were a machine!

The art of producing tone through the application of weight to the finger tips, passing from the body in various degrees of intensity through relaxed arms and shoulders, with little attention to strong fingers and hands was first advanced by theorists in Chopin and Liszt's day, and later was taught with more realism and practical application by Rudolf Breithaupt and Tobias Matthay, mainly to counterattack the futility of finger action alone. It was obvious to the pianist who desired a larger tone of emotional power that a percussive finger stroke alone produced a hard and sterile quality. And the harder the finger attack the more brittle, harsh and sterile the tone! The warmth and emotional demands of Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann and Brahms, contrasting with the subtleties of the scores of Debussy, Ravel, Faure, Prokofieff and other contemporary composers were utterly impossible to achieve with only the development of the fingers.

However, some of the more patternistic compositions of J. S. Bach,

(the partitas and suites), P. E. Bach, both the Scarlattis, Mozart, Haydn, and the lesser composers of this era, Mendelssohn and possibly much of Schubert can be adequately interpreted with no more than a fully developed finger technic.

In Bach and Handel's day the harpsichord, clavichord and first pianos were the vogue, and all that was required to succeed then was to sit relaxed, hold the hands *above* the keyboard, without, of course, any additional weight coming into the hands, and finger-strike the keys either strongly or lightly. Because of the frailty of the action of these instruments, any touch that possessed virility or heaviness could wreak havoc to the instrument.

Eventually, as the piano grew in size and tone, the action demanded more strength and fortunately at this time relaxation of idle muscles was taught to facilitate the more taxing strain on the playing muscles. Many novel theories of finger technic appeared during the early years of the nineteenth century and such teachers as Teichmüller, Tausig, Leschetizky and Safonoff demanded vertical, steady down-strokes directly above each key and no variation of this approach was tolerated. This procedure of development was hoped to eventually become the panacea that would cure all pianistic ills. But this rigid method, as all such mechanistic methods, merely continued the brittle tone production started by Czerny. Several less severe finger technics, however, did give to piano touch a lightness and fleetness that made such works as the Mendelssohn Concerto, von Weber's Concerstücke, and the Mozart Concertos, scintillate with a *leggiero* never produced before. Anton Rubinstein, Paderewski, Josef Hoffman were among the famous for their *legato* and *leggiero* technics.

The continued refinements, perfection of scale, lengthening of strings and a general enlarging of the piano demanded further advances in technical approach. The piano now reached a new apex in tone mass and color. The orchestra was simulated from tremendous *fortes* to delicate *pianissimos*. The action also underwent a miraculous development with many genius builders participating and many inventions improving the action. Today it is truly one of the miracles of this ever-increasing mechanical age. With a key stroke depth of approximately one-half inch, functioning through an involved system of levers and fulcrums, jacks and other contrivances, a hammer is driven toward its wire for a distance of about three inches, producing a tone corresponding minutely and exactly to the energy applied to the key. Every shade of tone color from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, every mood and emotion and drama, every nuance and virtuosic skill are now possible.

Obviously, finger technic is essential as a background development for all the systems that project weight in a personal attack. And to play Saint-Saens, Mendelssohn, certain phases of Debussy and Ravel, Stravinsky and other modern composers with their distinctly stylized virtuosities, well-developed fingers are indispensable. Finger technic has many facets and qualities: light, smooth *legato*, sparking *leggiero*, classic down-up phrases, portamento (*staccato-legato*) and



rapid repeat notes (tremolo) are only possible with a well-trained finger skill. In legato playing one of the chief requisites, however, is a still hand back of the finger activity .

The piano, being the only percussive keyboard instrument that produces a distinctive singing tone, is becoming more and more the medium for playing the literature of Bach's clavier music. There are still some purists who cling to the idea that Bach wrote and played his clavier works only on the harpsichord. This is true to some extent, but because the piano has an elegant singing tone, it is a much more effective instrument for part playing, where slow voices must be deepened against faster moving ones. With weight and relaxation helping to sing the slower melodies, Bach's music takes on new glamor and character.

Teachers such as Eugen d'Albert, Rafael Joseffy, Wm. Mason, Giovanni Sgambati, Bruno Mugellini, Ferruccio Busoni, Egon Petri, Giuseppi Buonamici, Isador Philipp, Josef Lhevinne, Edwin Hughes, Ernest Hutcheson, Tobias Matthay, Thilo Becker, Wm. Kalkbrenner, Rudolf Ganz, Paolo Gallico, Alexander Siloti, Carl Reimer, Martin Krause, Josef Pembaur, Leopold Godowsky, Sigismund Stojowski and countless others, accepted these and coordinated many other novel and practical ideas. Combining carefully trained fingers with the newer theories eventually made it possible for the artist to produce many more divergent styles than was ever possible before with only the finger school as a medium.

Weight and relaxation as an added adjunct in modern piano playing has proven and justified itself by its almost universal adoption by eminent artists and teachers. It realistically amplifies the tonal spectrum without increasing duress, it allows personality to more fully express itself, it gives much greater freedom and facility to all technic and ultimately, it humanizes the entire gamut of musical communication.

Since all of us who earnestly strive for ultimate expression are mentally, physically and spiritually different individuals, and since we hold many variations of opinion in regard to the intent of the composer, there truthfully is no one single way to realize our ideals. However, it seems reasonable in reassessing the methods in use that all of us might be aided in achieving our respective goals—I sincerely hope so. And if, in this short discussion on touch, I have digressed into technical and historical data, these unavoidable detours are not the *raison d'être* for this paper. Great art in piano playing is not alone accomplished by artists of prodigious mental and technical powers, but by those whose sole motives in producing the music of the masters are inspired by the message of humanity and the prime element in this sincere endeavor is *touch*.

Department of the Army, DCSPER  
Office of Civilian Personnel  
OAD, Recruitment Branch  
Old Post Office Building  
12th & Pa. Ave, N.W.  
Washington 25, D.C.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Foreign teaching posts will be available in Army-operated schools for American children in Germany, France, Italy, Japan and Okinawa for the 1957-58 school year. The greatest number of vacancies will be for elementary teachers experienced in the primary grades. Secondary teachers who qualify in two major fields will be needed also. In addition to regular academic subjects, industrial arts, arts and crafts and homemaking are offered in many of the high schools. Opportunities generally exist for school librarians, guidance counselors and dormitory supervisors. A limited number of administrative positions are expected.

General qualifications include a bachelor's degree, 18 semester hours credit in education courses, at least two years recent experience at the grade level for which applying and a valid teaching certificate. Age: Minimum—25, maximum—55. Women must be single, without dependents.

Salary for the instructional staff is \$377 monthly with free transportation overseas and return. An additional 10% of base pay is offered for duty on Okinawa, a modern post of assignment. Rent-free living quarters are available in most areas. Minimum tour of duty is one year.

To assure consideration for the coming school year, inquiry regarding application procedure should be made prior to 1 December 1956 to Overseas Affairs Division, Office of Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel, Department of Army, Washington 25, D.C.

## Personalities

By Sister Marguerite

Jacquelyn Kuras, 1957 graduate, is one of four assistant Home Service Directors appointed by the Southern Counties Gas Co. She is assigned to the Eastern division of Los Angeles. Her new duties will play a major role in the program of assistance and training which the company develops for homemaking classes in the local school systems from junior high school through high school and college. She will assist in planning programs for women's groups and youth organizations. In the summer of 1955, Jacquie was among the few students chosen for the educational program sponsored by this company.

Jacquie has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Kelly who is teaching at U.C.L.A. while finishing his Ph.D. in Business Administration. This was a teacher-student romance during the time that Mr. Kelly was teaching at the Mount.

\* \* \* \* \*

For students majoring in Home Economics, who plan to go into the business world, the Southern Counties Gas Co. sponsors a very good summer recruitment program. By personal interview with the company, the students are chosen to work with the graduate Home Economists and plan the educational program for the ensuing year. Selection is made of students between their sophomore and junior years in college and only if they intend to return to school. The student receives \$375.00.

Deanna Dugas was among the fourteen fortunate girls, who took part in the program during the past summer. The schools represented ranged as far north as Oregon State, and to Pasadena City College in the south. Deanna is President of the Home Economics Club at the Mount, and is active in all the college activities.

\* \* \* \* \*

By request the Home Economics Department is to offer EVERY WOMAN'S WORLD, a series of lectures and demonstrations made possible through the cooperation of Community Services and authorities in their respective fields. Some of the phases of the woman's responsibilities to be discussed are Money Management, the Philosophy of Marriage, The Child, The Delinquent Adolescent, Fabrics, Electronic Cookery, Patio Entertaining and many, many others.

These are open, without prerequisites, to any one who is interested in the ever-growing areas of EVERY WOMAN'S WORLD. The series commences February 10th, 1958. We hope to see many of our alumnae then.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sister Richard Joseph was granted a traineeship for 1957-58. This was awarded by the committee on Professional Nurse Traineeship Programs of the University of California at Los Angeles in accordance with the terms of the Public Health Traineeship Grant under Title II of the Health Amendments Act of 1956.

The grant is for advanced preparation of graduate nurses for administrative, supervisory, and teaching positions in all fields of nursing. The Traineeship grant includes tuition, and fees, stipend for living expenses, books and some travel allowance. Sister Richard Joseph is preparing for a Master's Degree in Pediatric Nursing which she hopes to receive in June, 1958.

## Greetings from Europe

By Elizabeth Mannix

**August 20.**

**GREENLAND 11:00 p.m.**

An hour and a half late for engine recheck. Five hours late at Winnipeg because of engine trouble! They say it is all right now. No paper to fill out this time, either at Winnipeg or here (Greenland). Very nice people on the plane, mostly Norwegians. I have an aisle seat next to two Danes who speak no English.

**August 20.**

**WINNIPEG**

Pleasant trip but plane trouble. Breakfast "continental" over by 5:30. Time changed immediately to 7:30. At L.A. met by L.A.L. official and escorted directly to plane which took off at once.

**August 23.**

**SOLFONN HOTEL**

Marvelous country, as green as Ireland. Roads over mountains, so narrow and steep one car must stop when two meet—splendid driver, though. Lakes at every turn of the road, pine covered hills with bare rugged mountains towering behind. We took an interesting steamer trip this morning. English is spoken in all hotels and stores, so we have no trouble on that score.

**August 24.**

**NORWAY**

Raining all day, but grand drive through mountains and valleys, past rivers and waterfalls, and along magnificent fjords, much like Tadasak. There, up one of them to this splendid hotel at Ulvik. (Hotel Ullensvang)

**August 31.**

Have seen rest of Norway including Oslo. I am now in Hackhotne and enjoying every minute.

**September 3.**

**COPENHAGEN**

Second card from airfield at Iceland. No croissants except here, but plenty of delicious pastries. I have added orange juice to my con-

tinental breakfast. It is safe to drink all the water you wish in Scandinavia which I leave with regret tomorrow.

**September 7.****BREMEN**

Through here yesterday through miles and miles of lovely farms, but the towns still show much war damage. One city had only one hundred and forty five houses left standing. This afternoon we take a three hour trip to Waterloo. No word yet from Rome.

**September 14.****FREIBERG**

Found Zurich most interesting and beautiful. Two trips on lake (Lake Geneva), and one to top of high mountain. Fine Swiss entertainment across the lake. Now at beautiful Locarno after crossing the Alps at St. Gothard Pass in heavy snow storm. Sun broke through as we came down.

**September 24.****RAPALLO**

On September 4th I joined the Linjebus Tour at Copenhagen. We have a very nice bus. There are fourteen double seats on each side of the aisle. There are no seats in the rear. Only twenty are on the regular tour; a few others come and go. We keep the same seats and seat-mates. I have for seat-mate a very pleasant lady from Maine, a Mrs. Learner. Across the aisle is a librarian, a Belgian lady, who has been twenty seven years in South Africa. She comes home every summer for three months vacation. She knows Europe like a book and speaks six languages.

Our driver is good, but looks gloomy. The courier is a very pretty Swedish girl who speaks good English, but confines her remarks to announcing the name of each town and village, number of inhabitants, chief industry, and amount of war damage, which, by the way, was terrific, all this part of the world, both of Allies and Germans in retreat, blowing up roads and bridges, etc. She never mentioned anything else no matter what interesting sights were to be seen in the country sides. There were rolling farm lands interspersed with forest land. War damage is now replaced by miles of modern apartments.

We arrived at Hamburg at 6:20; after dinner did some window shopping.

**September 20.**

This is the picture when on top of Mt. Pilatus just before the storm broke over the mountain top. I am holding one of the huge mountain horns the shepherds use. They hollow out a small tree trunk choosing one bent where the trunk turns just above roots to follow side of mountain.



**September 20.**

Left Rome this morning driving through farmlands, past chemical factories to Grossete where we had luncheon. Then followed along Coast through Cecena and Leghorn to Pisa, quite varied scenery but could have been any where in Southern California.

**September 24.**

This is our Hotel for the night, situated just like Sea Cliff with only Highway between us and the sea. Unfortunately it has been cloudy all day so Mediterranean grey instead of blue. But bathers on all the beaches..

**September 26.**

Magnificent trip through the mountains. Sun shining brightly. Climbed for two hours to reach two tiny villages, one devoted solely to candied flowers and fruit, latter boiled two hours daily for 45 days. On to another, where there is a 90 year old potter, only one living who has secret of certain kind of pottery. No one knows if he will pass the secret on. Drinking from fountain here is supposed to add ten years of life.

**September 26.**

We passed here yesterday on way from Rome. Ten of party went back last night to Casino and Night Clubs. Got back to Hotel at 2:00 A.M. Three of the men on the tour were here on leave in first World War. Trying mostly in rain to find familiar spots. Everything changed.

**September 29.**

Card from you here. No sun today but clear enough to see the country, all farming land with quaint old village at intervals. Through Avignon to Auxere for lunch. On through Forest of Fontenbleu. We caught good view of Palace. Then to Paris.

**September 30.**

Arrived here yesterday about 4 P.M. An hour at Louvre, then to Hoten in pouring rain. Tomorrow tour Paris in A.M., Versailles in P.M. Tuesday free. All my companions much worried that I am to be on my own when tour ends. Will arrange with Bonnington to hold or forward mail.

**October 2.**

Lovely old town rebuilding to conform with old. From Paris to London today beautiful crossing the Channel. Am going to change my route home, if possible, so as to see Washington and Philadelphia, where I have never been.

**October 5.**

Beautiful castle. Earl in residence so only saw parts of it, beauti-

fully decorated and furnished. All old masters being cleaned and restored. Passed through many quaint villages and several gypsy camps. Coffee break and Tea at old, old inns. Just time to say everything fine; weather, country and companions. Saw last of them today. Off tomorrow for Wales and Cornwall.

#### **October 20.**

Easy crossing though rainy all the way. Straight from Depot to Mass by taxi. Driver returned at 8:45 and took me to hotel in time for breakfast. Rained all day but I took a coach trip as far as Bangor walked around there in rain for an hour, then returned to Hotel. Cleared around 5:30 so took a walk.

#### **October 21.**

##### **ROME**

As you can see this is not one of the numbered letters. I just have had no time to continue them but will later on. I wanted to bring you up to date on the Rome question. I had no reply to my letters as I had hoped to do. Arrived just in time for dinner last night. After dinner went with Mr. and Mrs. Griffith to American College. I found it closed, told to return at 9 today. Tried to reach Father Cunningham last night and this morning he was not in. Up early and to Mass and Confession at St. Mary Major, about six blocks from our hotel. After breakfast back to College to find no private audiences scheduled. Public audiences every Wednesday at Castle Gandolpho. Learned Holy Father gave blessing at 5:30 Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, so this afternoon with four other Catholics of our group went up to Gandolpho. Met a young seminarian there from Thailand, studying at Propaganda College, took us under his wing, escorted us into Castle Courtyard and to good vantage point. Hundreds packed in like sardines. Holy Father appeared just as wonderful as I remembered him, looking much stronger than he did in 1950. Populace as usual went wild. He stood on the balcony waving his hands as though gathering us all into his arms. Then gave us his blessing and retired; but repeated clappings and calls brought him out and he repeated the blessing. God grant him a long life.

We had a beautiful drive down in the sunset. As we started down we could see Rome in the distance and far beyond, the sun sinking into the Mediterranean. After dinner I succeeded in getting Father Cunningham who said if I had reached him yesterday he could have gotten us into an audience this morning of four or five hundred just like this afternoon, only the Pope walks around among the people. He does not speak to them just blesses them over and over. Well, it is a wonderful, wonderful blessing, just to have seen him again and received his blessing again. I am quite satisfied. Father inquired for you "one of his dear friends" and said to be sure and remember him to you. Tomorrow Tour of City.

## But I Am Clean

The double doors opened slowly because they were heavy, because the heat rose from the sidewalk beneath them, because Martha pushed them forward thoughtfully. Their rubber linings stuck to the cement. Moving slowly, Martha seemed not to notice the weight of the doors or the brilliant sun. The contrast of the air-conditioning made her shiver as she entered the office building.

A man in a wrinkled white maintenance suit recognized her with a gesture as she crossed the crowded lobby. Martha, staring in his direction, didn't see him. She pulled on the edges of her black kid gloves, feeling her trembling hands underneath them. "I mustn't seem nervous," she thought, jerking her mouth into a lip-wetting smile. Suddenly she wished that she knew everyone in this lobby, that they were all at a party. Nothing to be nervous about at a party. She leaned against the wall, watching the waiting people gathered in front of the elevator.

Of course it would be a very big party, an impersonal one, like a reception. The lady in the grey mink stole would be the hostess. She is perfect, dignified, gracious. Yes. There would be dancing and I would dance with the elevator boy—the dark haired one who never smiles. He looks like he can samba. Everything is pink—a rich, mauve-pink, to go with the white marble walls. The fat man will ask that fat woman to dance with him. How funny. But they are light, quick dancers—really, they're intricate.

They're better than anyone else. They are going to win a prize. How funny. The music is getting, fast, like in a fun house.

She closed her eyes sleepily and when she opened them the dignified woman in the grey stole had become her mother. Martha heard the soft, slow tones float over the music across the pink walled lobby, "It's hard, Martha, I'm awful sorry it happened. You mustn't blame your Dad. I don't want you to feel bad about anything, but your Dad doesn't want to talk about it again—with either of us. I can't explain very well—he is just leaving. You know that he expects you to go with him." She didn't want me to feel bad. Then the mink stole woman stepped into a newly arrived elevator and the party was without a hostess.

She must start moving again. She could take the stairs; that would take at least ten minutes. Reaching down, she pulled at the strap of her heel, then crossed to the stairway. "Six flights. It might be ten—even twenty—minutes until I see him." She bit her lips again, they tasted bitter. Her legs moved robot-like, connected yet separated from her body.

On the second floor landing, she pushed open a brown door lettered "Rest Room—Ladies." She was going to be sick, but standing there, her throat was only dry and empty. She stood still, waiting. The mirror before her taunted her eyes—what do you look like, Martha? "Like my name," she responded to the grey-eyed reflection with a little emotion, "solid—just like a house is solid, and plain, oh yes, and efficient. Did I say plain—wretched is more like it—wretched

with plainness. Wretched with a square box body and a short neck and hands too long for the square body. How does Father put it? 'You might wear more becoming clothes, Martha.' It's peculiar that I have long hands."

Quickly she gripped the basin and felt relieved because she could be sick. She filled the wash bowl with water, released the drain, then carefully wiped the empty bowl with a towel. The whiteness glared at her.

\*

Her father's voice came across years of nagging to this moment in a rest room. "Agnes, Agnes," harshly, insistently, "the sink is piled with dishes, now's the time to clear it." A memory of almost physical impact brought back an evening when she was ten, and when, standing at the head of the stairs, she had overheard her parents talking after a party. It was one of the many times that her father wanted her mother to be in the kitchen, or upstairs, or in the backyard—but mostly, in the kitchen—cleaning or straightening, planning or fixing. And her mother, of course, was not.

"Tomorrow will be soon enough, don't you think, Ernest?"

"What do you think, Agnes, what do you think?" He paused for a deep, offending breath. "That you won't permit me any satisfaction? Agnes—won't you even be CLEAN?" Martha squeezed her hands to her mouth. "Please don't talk like that, please."

"I said clean, I say presentable," her father pounced upon the word, emphasizing each syllable swiftly, his voice rasping and, unconsciously, growing louder. The voices continued, her father's seeming to waver between disgust and despair and, sometimes, fury. Martha stood beside her bedroom door, not wanting to move or breathe, her ten-year-old mind crying, "My mother is very, very presentable." The ceiling above her had been full of circles and yellow lines writing "Father hates Mother—not even clean, clean, not clean." Martha remembered it now as one of the last times her father had entertained guests at home.

She thought of other quarrels that had been more serious—after one of the times mother had stayed at Aunt Clara's all day, getting home too late to make dinner, or when she forgot to send the cleaning for weeks. Martha recalled an especially long argument about a huge stain which had remained on the hall carpet for days. Now her father had given up reasoning and frightening and instructing. He would leave. Naturally, Martha was to leave with him. Martha, who hung up her clothes at night and washed her breakfast dishes, who replied to letters and arrived on time. Martha, her father's child. Martha, who, after the quarrel overheard when she was ten, had gone to the bathroom and washed her face carefully, three times.

\*

She closed the rest room door behind her, shaking her head gently. It felt heavy. She wondered if that was because she had been sick or because of the air-conditioning. The stairs reminded her of her purpose. She seemed to forget what she was doing here, where she



was going. She had never before spoken decisively to her father about even a small matter. How would it happen? She could not imagine. She visualized herself on a stage platform, facing her father. "My dear father, we are met today to separate. I will not leave My Pretty Mother." Would her father applaud then and leave the auditorium? Would he bow and say thank you and leave the stage? The unreality of it added a new fear. She tacked an ending on her speech, "Father, you cannot be leaving My Pretty Mother, because she is not efficient. It's only trivial, so silly. You're never silly, Father—and neither am I, am I, Father?"

She had thought about writing a letter to explain how she felt, or simply not coming when he sent for her, or telephoning him. Why hadn't she done that? Why did she come here?

The third floor looked exactly like the second, it seemed actually only two steps since she had left the second floor. She had never realized how remarkably monotonous this building was—each floor a mimic of the one before it. Martha remembered that her mother would never come to this building to see her father. She should have realized why before, the reason was clear: this building must appear a tedious prospect to mother—proficient and unbeautiful. Martha hesitated, "But there is a certain beauty." The stairs, for instance, were marble, patterned in a dull, blurry orange and black. Her father had often mentioned the many uses of marble in this building, speaking of the craftsmanship in a respectful tone.

Martha stopped so suddenly that she tripped a little and caught the heel of one pump on the other. What if her father did not applaud? What if he stood up and would not listen? What if he said, "No, you are being ridiculous, Martha, we will discuss it another time, now go home." It seemed to be her mother who ran from the auditorium, her pink cheeks smeared with tears, her broad blue hat tumbling to the floor. Of course, that must be what he would do. How could she not have realized it before? Why hadn't she prepared for that? Why wasn't she ready to explain to him?

Dear Father,

The baked potatoes are in the oven and I'm making a green salad. Mother is watering the lilies, they should bloom soon.

I cannot leave my mother—what would she possibly do? She would be miserable with Aunt Clara. Sometimes she brushes my hair so that it looks soft, or shows me a nest of swallows in the yard, that I hadn't noticed, or asks me to choose her dinner dress for her.

So, you see, she is not ridiculous, not at all. The two of us, my mother and I, we need something intangible, not ridiculous, only intangible.

Love from

Martha

No, no, her father would not understand that. How was she ever going to make him understand? He must not laugh. His laughter rattled in his ears.



There seemed to be a crowd of people on the fourth floor. Martha, looking at them distractedly, seeing their faces fixed in concentrated purpose, wanted to be one of them, hurrying somewhere with papers. She watched them and felt at ease. They went up in the elevator confident, smiling, doing something necessary, something orderly.

Seeing a girl purchase stamps from an automatic machine, Martha thought, "I think I need stamps." She opened her small black leather purse, took out her billfold and approached the machine, measuring the time the girl would take. She finished and Martha snapped open her coin purse, carefully removed a dime, shut the clasp firmly, and replaced the billfold in her purse. With no wasted movements, she inserted the dime, watched the stamps appear, picked them up quickly, put them in the allotted section in her purse, and snapped her purse shut with a pleased smile. She and her mother both needed stamps. Martha felt fresh, even poised. She thought, "I'll take the elevator for the next two floors."

The elevator did not come for several minutes. Martha, restless, returned to the stairway. The white linen collar of her suit was twisted on her neck. Stopping to readjust it, her fingers began to shake and her momentary calm was gone. Martha remembered how her mother's face had brightened when, at her request, she had added the collar to her gray suit. The suit had immediately looked different, more attractive. Mother, Mother! I do love you! The tears inside Martha did not appear. The robot legs beat out a rhythm, "white—one step—collar—one step—stars—one step—one-two-three-four-five-five for fifth floor."

She became confused—"Fifth floor, but my father is on the sixth floor. Why do I come here, my father is not here. I wonder if he will like a white collar on this suit. I wonder if he will notice." The walls merged before her. Martha, hearing her father's laughter, gripped the railing and felt her arms and legs tremble. The stairs presented her refuge—climb them, climb them!

\*

The sixth floor, this must be the sixth floor. Martha's eyes saw nothing, but the blackness must be it. Yes, she could hear her father's voice. Martha blinked in the blindness—his office door was standing open.

"—Don't say, Frank—" Her father—yes, but who was he talking to? She knew no friend of his named Frank. But it was his voice.

"Listen, Frank, now that this business is out of the way here, how about a drink?" (Frank seemed to be agreeing.) "And I hope you're not forgetting dinner with me next week—I'm counting on that."

Now a strange voice, I'm not letting either of us forget, Ernest, sure appreciate the invitation to have dinner with you—and your daughter. My wife and I are planning on it, you know. Oh, yes, I'd better get your address while I'm here."

Martha wondered why she hadn't heard of this Frank. She knew

a John, a George, a Will—no Frank. She frowned—that wasn't their address her father was giving him.

"You can count on this much—my daughter knows the secret of top steaks. Don't know how she does it, but she knows just how steaks were meant to be cooked. Amazing, really. Like steak, Frank?"

Frank laughed and her father joined in, "Kinda silly question, wasn't it? Well, you're going to like my Martha's then."

Martha began moving, her father and Frank would be leaving the office any minute for that drink. Move fast now.

As the elevator inched down to the first floor, Martha stared at the back of the elevator boy, her black haired samba partner, wondering if the new house would have a charcoal broiler. Father liked charcoal steaks just about best. Let's see, she should pick up a new apron and some steak knives on the way home.

## **"Are Our Colleges Doing the Job in Instrumental Music Teacher Preparation**

**By Patee Evenson**

Mr. Patee Evenson is chairman of the Music Department of San Diego State College

Are our college teacher-training programs in music realistic in meeting the demands of the instrumental teaching jobs in the public schools? Is the traditional double standard for public school music teacher training and other kinds of music teacher training justified? If so, to what extent? Is it a sound concept to regard public school music teaching as a goal for less talented college students? We have been seeking the answers to these questions for a number of years in the expressed opinions of teachers themselves in widely distributed areas at clinics, festivals, conventions and in training institutions. The responses reveal a need for college music departments to take a long, new look at their curriculums, the kinds of staff competencies required, and scholastic standards, with an eye to certain redistributions of emphasis.

The past generation has witnessed a great change in the public interest in music. The phenomenal growth of radio, television, and, particularly, the recording industry, has brought great music within the reach of citizens of the most remote hamlets. The musical frame of reference of the public has been dramatically altered. People have come to realize that the qualitative factor in music is inseparable from the extent of its enjoyment, and that the only barrier between great music and the public is bad performance. It can no longer be said that people in the outlying districts do not know the difference. They frequently hear the major symphony orchestras on the air, and in recordings, and attend concerts presented by nationally organized concert artist series available in almost all communities. They do know the difference, even though they do not always know why. Moreover, the increasing frequency of performances in which student groups approach with astonishing music precocity professional playing standards have led the public to become less tolerant of mediocrity in student performances. These factors combine in placing teaching-training programs in music and public school music teaching personnel squarely on the spot in their approach not only to the gifted student with professional intentions in music, but to the general student who in the aggregate comprises a substantial portion of our listening audience.

While the students in public school music organizations are prominently featured before the public, it is their conductor who is really being judged. The more elevated music stature being required of him makes imperative the placing of first things first in the teacher-training music curriculum, and providing teachers in training with opportunities for becoming better musicians. Public school instrumental music teachers with a number of years experience, in ex-

pressing their opinion of certain phases of the training they received, were in substantial agreement on the following subject areas.

### SOME BASIC NEEDS

Almost without exception, they wish they had more direct and detailed experience with orchestral instruments at beginning levels. Often these courses in college have been taught by people who had not been well prepared on the instrument themselves. The music department had made the common mistake of assuming that the beginning levels of instruction do not require skillful teaching and demonstrating ability. It had erred in not recognizing the fact that beginning lessons on any instrument are the most important, not the least important, and require of an instructor a degree of understanding and an ability to demonstrate which were greatly underestimated. The truth of this eloquently revealed in the fact that almost all teachers of applied music at more advanced levels speak with regret over the all too frequent needs of remedial teaching which they encounter with students whose instruction in beginning instrument classes was misinformed, careless and indefinite.

Again, there is often voiced among teachers the wish that more emphasis had been placed on major instrument performance in the teacher-training curriculum. There is a belated inner realization of the important disciplines, the deeper musical insight, the added music stature, and the power of example and precept which are inevitably associated with one who has experienced, himself, the achievement of fine performance. Students recognize the language of the performer with somewhat the same intuitive understanding that we experience when we hear our own language as opposed to a foreign tongue translated through an interpreter.

Music is an aural art. It does not exist until it is heard. It is almost impossible to truly describe, for instance, a quality of tone. The student in order to know what a so-called fine quality of tone is, must hear it performed. His teacher should be able to produce a fine tone for him. College instructional programs which ignore this basic fact in the choice of teaching personnel are impaired to the extent that they ignore it, or to the extent that they fail to provide it. Moreover, we learn instrumental performance not only through aural skills but through kinesthetic and visual senses as well. This should be demonstrated with authority. Instruments must be held in certain positions. Embouchures have many vitally important facets in their development which should be seen as well as heard. The instructor should be well qualified to demonstrate these procedures.

### DEVELOP DISCRIMINATING VALUES

We also see evidence that our instructional programs need emphasis upon the development of a discriminating sense of values as reflected in the choice of music performed by school bands, orchestras,



and chamber music groups. There is much unworthy material published for these organizations. Its appearance on concert programs is frequent, and its presence or absence thereon reflects the kind of musical environment in which the conductors of these groups were trained. Many of these teachers during their college courses were exposed only in a meager sense to the whole gamut of performance traditions, styles and tempi of the better works of major composers which they might well use in their school music programs.

Too often these teachers learned their chamber, orchestra and band literature in a school which emphasized the performance of a very few concerts, working an entire semester on a single program, often resulting in the glorification of the conductor at the expense of the students in the group who could have been better served by covering more literature. Here the basic concept of the function of the performing organizations in a college program needs to be closely examined. The enormous existing repertoire is such that, assuming each student spends all his semesters in the orchestra and band, he cannot cover more than a sampling of works from various important composers. We frequently see illustrated the fact that a group that has covered a wider range of literature and has acquired the fluency and capacity for more rapid assimilation which the inclusion of frequent sight readings provides, will tend to acquire also the musical resourcefulness which enables them to prepare concerts with less rehearsal time. Ultimately they will give better and more spirited performances than the group which has become bored with rehearsing a program for an entire semester until they have nearly memorized it. Of course, the extremes of either procedure need to be avoided, for music by its very nature yields benefits to both auditors and performers to the extent that it is well played.

### GOOD MUSIC WELL PERFORMED

The quality of literature performed, especially by wind bands, up to very recent times has been frequently of inferior musical value. In spite of the fact that there is a vastly improved literature being published, only a small segment of it appears to be generally known. It is a function of music departments to not only rehearse and publicly perform fine music with all these performing groups, but to feature music of quality at varied levels of difficulty, and emphasize the importance of selecting works which can be performed well. This perhaps seems too obvious to mention. The frequent incidents in which this is disregarded, however, emphasize the need for its being stressed more effectively in the college program.

### READING, ANALYSIS, AND CONDUCTING

Score reading, analysis and conducting are other areas we hear frequently mentioned as those in which more college preparation is needed. Upon their conducting ability will frequently rest the ef-



fectiveness and success of our students. The prerequisites for these skills exceed considerably the traditional limits of courses in basic theory, form and analysis. Continued structural and analytical studies of the scores of a variety of orchestral, band, choral, and chamber masterworks are the foundation for effective leadership on the podium. The understanding of this repertoire requires its dissection and the discernment of its motivic and thematic evolution. This, as a type of study, is a skill in itself not to be acquired in a semester of form and analysis. College music programs will be greatly improved if their courses in theory and history of music utilize score study wherever possible and as much as is practicable. *It will reduce the artificial separation so prevalent in our music curricula which obscures the intimate relationship—the unity—which, in all truth, should bind these studies closely together.*

Most college conducting courses are underequated in terms of their importance in professional training, and unrealistic in the quality and amount of the experience they provide the students. More often than not they are perfunctory, routine courses of one or two semesters confined to learning conventional time signature beat patterns and conducting a pianist or a recording with little opportunity to prepare thoroughly a number of scores and conduct frequently a live group of players. Where a regularly organized laboratory orchestra for the conducting class is not available, this lack can be provided by the students in the class itself. A judicious choice of music for a small orchestra, including a piano part to fill in gaps in instrumentation, can usually make possible a class situation simulating more realistically an actual rehearsal.

### ATTITUDE TOWARD STUDENTS

Important as the skills we have so far discussed are, probably the greatest room for improvement in our teacher-training programs is to be found in the attitudes which we foster in our trainees toward the abilities of students they are to teach, and toward the art of music itself. Emerson, writing in the middle of the last century, warned against the mistake of underestimating the capacity of young people to achieve. We see too much of this. At music competition festivals and school concerts is demonstrated frequently the fact that young people can rise to impressive heights of achievement. In fact, they usually display just about as much ability as their conductor. Given time to work under him, they will rise to his level. He sets the pace. If his musical background is strong and he brings to his task a thorough preparation of the scores he conducts, and is possessed of high conducting competence, students have a way of approaching closely his stature in their performance. They will play just about as he conducts. If he takes a lot for granted and is deluded into believing that, being youngsters, his students do not deserve his best musical preparation; if he is careless, colorless, and deficient in musicianship and knowledge of his scores—it will be reflected in his students' performances. They are a lot smarter

than we sometimes think, and deserve the best leadership we can provide them.

We cannot refrain from stressing the extreme importance of instilling into our teacher-training candidates the necessity for adopting a high standard of professional conduct and ethics. There is no place in our field for the prima donna. With some people a little knowledge and a little power are dangerous possessions. We need continually to indoctrinate students with the idea that they cannot be fine teachers without being fine musicians first, and that the professional progress which comes of continued study will carry them much farther than adopting the practices of the "poseur." Successful teaching involves personal salesmanship, personality, enthusiasm, and plenty of hard work. When these are coupled with real ability, the reliance upon bluffing, devious practices, and politics for professional advancement will cease to be necessary.

From the foregoing, it may be concluded that there is justification in music teacher-training programs for revisions leading to more practical and realistic instruction, and that the skills and large body of knowledge and experience required for the best type of public school instrumental music leadership are imposing in both breadth and depth of scope. As the recognition of these needs increases, and is accompanied by a renewed emphasis on music scholarship in our teacher-training programs, there will be attracted in greater numbers to the ranks of public school instrumental teachers people of outstanding ability and talent.

These are but a few of the facets in college instructional programs which are deserving of extra attention. They are not presented as being the only ones. They are, however, very prominent in the private thinking of many teachers in the field when they stop long enough to look back on their college training and see it in a more distant perspective.

## Mr. Tanaka

By Ursula Kehoe

It was this way. Three weeks ago my buddy Pat and I were sitting in my aunt's kitchen. There we were, two Christopher Columbus's with no Isabella. All we needed was some dough. Pat said, we should advertise, something like—"Have suitcase; will travel." This seemed like a swell idea so I lifts my foot off the table and yanks the newspaper from underneath a coffee cup. At graduation they told us this was a land of opportunity. I never take the older generation too serious but it figures there had to be some travel opportunities for two young gentlemen of our high caliber. Naturally, I'm not referring to those offered by Uncle Sam.

Pat took one section of the classified ads and I lazily flipped through the other. Brother! there it was, opportunity staring at me in bold black type.

### PERSONALS

**The family of the late Mr. Taro Tanaka wishes to contact suitable persons in regard to accompanying the body of the beloved deceased to his family burial grounds in Honolulu, Hawaii. Round trip passage will be provided. An interview is required. Interested parties will please contact the Shinashito Mortuary, 4573 Palm Ave., Sunland, Calif.**

"Pat," I bellows, "we are on our way to the land of golden beaches and grass skirts."

After my pal picks himself off the floor, he proceeds to make a little fuss. He's the superstitious type. I make him stop running his hands through that carrot hair by reminding him of Buzz's Garage. The thought of working in a grease pit dulls Pat's opposition. We put on our new suits and drive the heap out to Sunland. Even above the radio, I can hear my friend muttering about "banshees."

The Shinashito Mortuary turns out to be a real classy joint. This is fortunate, because my nervous friend expected to see dragons sporting fire through the blinds. Mr. Shinashito, being an intelligent fellow, gives us the job. It musta been my charming personality. Pat says the only reason we got the trip is because no one else would take it. By this time, I'm thinking of forming a company . . . Davis and O'Flynn, World Traveling Pall Bearers. There is no telling what adventures, not to mention profits, could be had in this business. It's all legal too. Pat tells me to leave off the O'Flynn part, but I don't pay any attention to him.

The next morning we take the Greyhound Bus to San Francisco. Mr. Shinashito put the late Mr. Tanaka on the train; we are to meet him aboard the SS Pluncket. The trip up the coast is just like the postcards, uninteresting. While Pat scans the landscape for banshees, I'm doing a bit of looking myself. There is a nice piece of material down the aisle; the only trouble is that I never get to talk to it . . . these express buses kill me.

Anyway, we arrive in Frisco that evening. This is a town I could go for; the whole place is straight up and down. The two of us ride the trolley for hours. I'm giggling like a kid and my nose gets so cold that I can't even feel it. Being men of the world, we decide to crash "The Top of the Mark." We even get as far as the door, then this character comes up and asks for I.D.'s. I make like we've been checked in the elevator, but it doesn't go over. I figure the welcome mat has been rolled up; anyhow, Pat is talking about the fog looking like Cigarette smoke. He definitely has read too many travel folders. When our business prospers, I'm going to buy that club. Then, I can have the satisfaction of firing that bouncer.

We then have to find a cheap place to sack out. The Y.M.C.A. solves the problem, seventy-five cents a night for a private room. This is living. I invest in a six-pack and we go up to our suite. It's on the top floor, so this makes it practically a penthouse. Everything is great until we notice these little bugs running around. Pat thinks they are bed-bugs but they look more like dinosaurs. I'm not sleeping with any reptiles, so Pat breaks out the cards and we sit up playing red-dog. The Irish Perry Como thunders into song. Some joker starts pounding on the wall; to make it short, we spend the rest of the night in Union Square.

It takes five cups of java to thaw us out in the morning. Having about six hours to kill before ship time, we tour the town. It's quite a place with its Chinatown, Presidio, Fishermen's Wharf; we even took the boat-trip around the Bay. You ride under the Harbor Bridge past Alcatraz; I waved to my uncle Louie, but I doubt if he saw me.

Three o'clock comes and we go down to the pier where the SS Plunket is docked. I don't know what I expected but it sure wasn't that rusty old tub. She looked like something that was salvaged from the War of 1812. The captain is in the same shape. I ignore the fact that he doesn't measure up to Navy Log and hand him Mr. Tanaka's papers. He gives me this blank stare and says, "Who in the Devil is Mr. Tanaka?"

This comes as a shock, but us business men have to deal with all types of incompetent individuals. I straighten my jacket and patiently explain our delicate mission. In a few strong words, the captain tells me what he thinks of practical jokers.

It takes some time to convince him that this is no gag. He finally believes me, but says no one has delivered either a dead or living Mr. Tanaka. I become panicky. Imagine being stranded in Frisco without a corpse. This is especially serious, our first commission.

I can see the headlines: "Pall-Bearers Sued for Loss of Body." Pat is no help. By the look on his face, I can tell he is thinking our Oriental friend converted his coffin into a canoe. It would be cheaper to paddle over to the islands, but it sure leaves us in a mess.

Even if he is a ghost, we have to find Mr. Tanaka. A fellow in his condition shouldn't be hard to find. The silly looks we get! Guess it isn't every day that people run around looking for a stiff. Pat finally suggests we go to the purser's office. By this time I'm completely



unhinged. Ignoring my shouts of "give me back my body," the purser makes a few phone calls. Things eventually get straightened out; it seems some idiot put our corpse on the wrong ship. Mr. Tanaka didn't know it, but he was on his way to Alaska with a load of bananas.

I think the whole business was darn inconsiderate, the poor gentleman couldn't speak English. But Davis and O'Flynn, Inc. never let a customer down; we escorts Mr. Tanaka to the hole of the SS Plunket. Minutes later, bucket of bolts steams under the Golden Gate; the three of us are sailing toward the "Isles of Romance."

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I hate to admit it, my stomach couldn't take the excitement. Five hundred miles out to sea and I'm still minus an appetite. This dungeon, laughingly called a stateroom, drives me nuts. I just have to get out of there. Clutching a towel I lurch up to the deck.

Pat hasn't said much about our fellow travelers; this is a sure sign there is a girl on the premises. Curious, I amble along taking in the sights. There isn't much to see. In fact, there are no human beings around so I quickly check my appearance in one of the port holes. I'm not looking too well. However, women fall for suffering young men. I guess it brings out their mother instinct. I run a comb through my butch and pull my handsome features into their most pained expression.

The SS Plunket is a freighter so she carries only five passengers. It doesn't take me long to make their acquaintance. Two of them are school teachers on vacation. They don't seem too happy to see me; probably, they wanted to avoid even looking at anyone young enough to attend classes.

I think their attitude is highly unsympathetic, but I can tell when I'm not wanted. I wander down to the mess hall. Here is where I find Pat. As usual, he is hunched over a card table. But his partner is no woman. He looks like an ancient Charlie Chan, without mustache.

Pat introduces his pal as Professor something or other. I'm not very good at catching last names. We sit around talking for a while. The Professor is interested in our business venture; in fact, he is the first person we've talked to that thought we had any sense at all.

After a while I get feeling sort of rocky so I go back to the cabin. For the rest of the trip I stick close to my bunk. If we continue our Palbearing business, I'm going to buy an airplane.

Pat spends most of his time with the Professor. When I do see him, all he can talk about is his oriental friend. It's the Professor this and the Professor that. Pat drives me crazy; you'd think that old guy was president or something.

I must admit the Professor was nice. Almost every day he came down to see me. Usually he brought a pot of tea and some sandwiches. He told me all about Japan and Hawaii. The way he talked made all that history and stuff sound like a good movie. He even



showed me how to play a new card game, called fan-tan. It's something like poker. If the Professor hadn't been around the trip sure would have been dull.

The ship slowly pulls into Honolulu Harbor. I'm not trying to spoil anyone's fun, but Hawaii, at least what I can see, doesn't look much different from California. As the SS Pluncket bumps against the dock, we hear ukulele music. I nearly fall overboard looking for the Hulu dancers. However, the only people in Hawaiian clothes are middle aged tourists carrying portable radios. This proves to be disappointing but, maybe I'm just in the wrong part of town.

Pat and I collect our gear and shove off to the purser's office. Again, we go through the paper routine, only this time it's goodbye. The Jap that collects Mr. Tanaka gives me a check and shakes my hand. I kinda hate to see our silent pal go; it's funny how you get attached to people, even stiff.

Pat suddenly decides he has to say so-long to the Professor. I sit down on my bag and have a cigarette while waiting for him. One of the stewards from the ship comes over and we start shooting the breeze. He tells me this Mr. Tanaka was loaded. The old guy did a lot for charity; you know the type. Seems his family is throwing a funeral parade in about an hour. When Pat comes back, I'm thinking we should saunter up to the main drag and get a look-see. It makes me feel important to know our firm deals with the best people.

Pat tells me the Professor was nowhere around; too bad one of us didn't wish him luck. We walk up to King's Avenue and stand on the curbing. There is quite a mob; Mr. Tanaka was a big wheel. Suddenly, down the street comes the strangest funeral procession I ever saw; out front are these dames all dressed up like the Ku Klux Klan. I think their job is to scare away the evil spirits. From the sound of the terrible screeches they let out, you can tell they are earning top wages. Next, the family walks past us, followed by a black Cad. On the bumper of this baby is a big photo of Mr. Tanaka. Pat grabs my arm and screams, "It's him!" It *was* the Professor!

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## Oil—The Modern History of the Middle East

By Margaret Sprigg

What is the Middle East? In a limited and definite sense, it is the area embracing Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Palestine, and the Arab League countries, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Transjordan, Saudi Arabia and Yemen.

What is the importance of the Middle East? Why is it the object of talk, discussion, speculation, and dispute? Why has it important consideration in our foreign policy?

Its first importance is in its location, it is the junction of three continents—Europe, Asia and Africa. All communication between any of these three must pass through the territory of the Middle East. Any power that has hoped to extend its domination over any continent in the eastern hemisphere, Alexander the Great, Caesar, Tamerlane, Napoleon, Hitler, has learned that domination of the Middle East is an essential step in this conquest. In the same token, any power desiring to stop such a conquest must first protect and assure the safety of these small countries. Thus, this area is crucial in the Cold War with Russia, which in its plan to extend southward and westward, has already exerted pressure upon Egypt, Iran, Greece, Turkey, for that matter on all the Middle East countries. The combined efforts of the western powers, especially the United States and Great Britain have for the time being, counteracted the Russian advances in this area.

But even more than its strategic location, the importance of the Middle East lies in its soil and under it. The great concern of the West toward this area is for the most part due to the abundant deposits of oil within its boundaries.

The importance of oil in modern life cannot be overemphasized. Oil is the factor in revolutionizing civilization. Without oil in huge quantities the American mass production for the war effort in the Second World War would have been impossible.<sup>1</sup>

The effect that this oil has on the Middle East is that it has become a source of fabulous wealth. Because of the attitude of the people—the extreme poverty, the fatalistic outlook, and a passive resignation to the will of God or fate, which has largely been the tradition of the Middle East for most of its history—these people never experienced any great wealth or even comfortable leisure. Suddenly the discovery of oil in such tremendous abundance brought wealth, completely out of place in their tradition. Oil created problems for the peoples of this area, problems of relations between them and their rulers, between the rulers and the foreigners who exploited the oil, and between the various nations in the area.

The abundance of oil in this area is a political issue and one of world-wide concern. The Middle East fields supplied 80% of the oil needs of the Marshall Plan countries between 1948 and 1951. The

<sup>1</sup>Benjamin Shwadran, *The Middle East, Oil and the Great Powers* (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1955), p. 6.

stoppage in the flow of Middle East oil is of major economic importance and of legitimate interest to foreign offices and State departments everywhere.<sup>2</sup> Since 1950, the Middle East has become the major single supplier of oil in the international market.

In attempting to give an overall view of the significance of oil in the Middle East, various aspects of the picture will not be completely exhausted. I merely would like to give a general history of the discovery and exploitation of oil in these countries due to the new wealth and the policy of the United States in regard to this area.

About the turn of the century, William Knox D'Arcy, a British adventurer, who had made a fortune in Australian gold mines, turned to Persia—the modern country of Iran—with his practiced commercial eye. Herodotus had recorded that the conqueror Alexander the Great found oil seepages there about 325 B.C. In 1891, Jacques de Morgan, at the request of the Governor of Kermanshah, had led a French archeological expedition in Persia, to search for oil. He published his findings in *Les Annales des Mines*. This report attracted and prompted D'Arcy to action, he obtained from the Shah of Persia, over diplomatic objections from Russia, a concession covering about a half-million square miles in Persia. Three years later he secured the promise of another concession from the Grand Vizier of Turkey which would give him the area now comprising Iraq, then a part of the Turkish Empire.

At the time, politically, the Middle East was the pawn of many powers. Turkey ruled much of the land but was losing its strength. England and France had colonial holdings in the area, and Germany was beginning to enter the picture.

D'Arcy's motives were purely commercial but to get the concessions he had to work with government heads and thus mingle in politics. His first concession was a contract to explore, develop and operate, with the government retaining ownership of the subsurface oil. After sixty years, the contract would expire.<sup>3</sup>

He was confronted with immense natural obstacles. The landscape was inhospitable, roadless, comfortless, bleak, hot and dry. Years of unsuccessful and expensive attempts followed and eventually D'Arcy found himself financially unable to continue this enterprise singlehanded. The Burmah Oil Company, a British concern with a long record of successful operations in India, took over. On May 26, 1908, almost exactly seven years after the grant of the concession, the company struck a giant gusher at Maidan-i-Naftun in Persia. In April, 1909, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company was founded; this name was changed to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in 1935. Soon after its founding this company was powerful enough to push through claims to concessions in Mesopotamia, then owned by Turkey. The company built a refinery at Abadan, and in 1913, the first refined petroleum started to flow into the world markets after twelve years of hard and costly labor.

<sup>2</sup>Kermit Roosevelt, *Arabs, Oil and History* (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1949), p. 25.

<sup>3</sup>Leonard M. Fanning, *Foreign Oil and the Free World* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company Inc., 1954), p. 44.

In May 1914, two developments crucially effected the Anglo-Persian Co. The British Royal Navy officially converted from coal to oil and entered into a long-term contract with the company for fuel oil. The British government invested two million pounds in the company to become the controlling stockholder.

Then in 1914, the First World War broke out. With this the Persian Government proclaimed its neutrality, but despite this it served as a battleground. Turkey was an ally of the Central Powers. Thus the oil fields were of little use to Great Britain, communications and materials were obstructed between the two. Then at the close of the war, Germany left the scene. The richest oil deposits in Mesopotamia now fell to Great Britain as she received this country, now known as Iraq, as a mandate. Syria became the mandate of France. In the San Remo Agreement of 1920, Britain and France effected a monopoly which would keep the other powers out of the area.

This was particularly irksome to the United States. American adventurers had been bidding for a Turkish concession since before the war. The World War had been won with United States and Mexican oil. The extreme use of tanks, trucks and airplanes had made the world oil conscious and fearful of an oil shortage. American oil men had suspected this shut-out by Great Britain and France, but they and their government were powerless to stop it. The State Department called for an "open door" policy in the Middle East and after seven years of diplomatic and commercial negotiations, the Anglo-Persian Company split its holdings in the Iraq Petroleum Company with an American group. In 1928, the Group Agreement determined what American companies would participate and to what extent would be their holdings. This concession to the American companies was important because Britain not only controlled the oil in Iraq but by benefit of several treaties, the oil of most of the nation in Europe and Asia which had comprised the Old Ottoman Empire.

The most rapid advances were made by the Anglo-Iranian, (the new name for the Anglo-Persian) Oil Company. It became one of the world's most effectively integrated oil organizations. In 1935, Iran was producing 156,000 barrels daily to Iraq's 76,000.

In 1930, Standard of California acquired a new concession covering about 156 square miles near the boundary of Saudi Arabia. In 1933, the same company obtained a concession of over 200 million acres in Saudi Arabia itself. It was not until 1938 that they discovered sufficient oil for the endeavor to become commercially successful.

When the United States entered the Second World War, she realized that in the Middle East lay the oil which if developed would be convenient for military undertakings in the Far East. In accordance with this plan, the refinery near Saudi Arabia increased its capacity, additional wells were drilled and more pipelines laid. Construction was begun on a new refinery.

At the end of the War, the consumption of oil increased. But the Middle East had suffered from the war, was now in need of financial



gains. Thus, especially in Saudi Arabia, greater revenue from the oil was demanded. To further complicate the situation, Standard realized that the facilities in Saudi Arabia would have to be expanded to handle the huge amount of oil that would be needed in Europe, an expansion that a single company could not afford to finance. One important phase of this expansion was to build a pipeline from this area to the Mediterranean which would expedite the flow of oil to the West. To solve this problem, four American companies joined together in a business venture which in 1947 alone involved a risk of a quarter of a billion dollars.

The magnitude of the expense demanded of these groups to expand Saudi Arabia production can be illustrated. The Texas Company alone invested 62 million dollars. Oil-handling facilities, pipelines and local marketing facilities cost 70 million dollars. Expansion of the refinery at Ras Tanura cost 16 million dollars. The construction of housing, roads and general plant facilities totaled 140 million. An expenditure of 15 million was necessary for drilling new wells. The trans-Arabian pipeline, running over a thousand miles from the producing fields in Saudi Arabia to the Mediterranean involved a cost of 200 million dollars. Although four American companies shared the costs and the risks in this venture, we can see by their willingness to invest huge sums that they expected a return in profits totaling billions. This may give us an idea of the vast richness of the Middle East oil fields.

Aside from wars and financial difficulties, the main problems facing the oil companies have been political. This is especially true in Iran.

On March 7, 1951, General 'Ali Razmara, Prime Minister of Iran, was murdered by an assassin's bullet as he was entering a Teheran mosque. This threw the economic as well as the domestic policy of the country into a turmoil. Between May 2 and November 4, 1951, the new government, under Prime Minister Mohammud Mosaddeq, relieved the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the British company, of its vast property in Iran, valued at substantially more than a half billion dollars, and induced the British to leave quickly without bloodshed. This expulsion of the British took place with the complete popular backing of the inhabitants. Much of this popular approval was a result of years of resentment and struggle against foreign domination because to these people the company was synonymous with Great Britain itself. Since Mosaddeq's policy was the elimination of all foreign interest in Iran's oil resources, Russia was pushed out with Great Britain.

Iran was the largest oil-producing country in the area. Up to that time, it had been developed exclusively by the British company, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Now if this country were to successfully nationalize its oil resources, this would certainly tempt the other nations of the area to do the same. Because of the United States' financial entanglement in this area, Washington was deeply aroused. Even more important than the financial aspect to the United States was the fact that Iran, a next-door neighbor of the



Soviet Union, was not assimilated into the Western defense system and constituted a gap in our line of defense.

As the dispute wore on, the two parties involved became inflexibly opposed. The United States had to stand beside her ally, Britain, and yet by opposing Iran this country might be pushed into the ready arms of the Soviet. A solution depended in the utmost upon diplomacy and compromise and for awhile looked impossible. As Mosaddeq pointed out Iran had become one of the leading oil-producing countries of the world, but its wealth was being exploited chiefly for the benefit of a foreign nation.

"I may say that in 1948, according to the accounts of the former Anglo-Iranian Company, its net revenue amounted to 61 million pounds; but from those profits Iran received only 9 million pounds, though 28 million pounds went into the United Kingdom Treasury merely in income tax alone."<sup>4</sup>

Moreover, he accused Britain of failing to train Iranian technicians, of influencing elections and the formation of cabinets and of bribing officials and journalists. It also violated Iranian sovereignty, and political and economic independence. The development of Iran's oil resources should be managed by a national industry and the revenue should be used solely in the public interest.

The United Kingdom, on the other hand, was determined to maintain the Anglo-Iranian enterprise in Iran, the largest British commercial venture. Besides feeding the fleet in the Mediterranean and the RAF bases in the Middle East, this same company supplied in 1950 more than a quarter of Britain's imports of crude oil. Iranian oil, perhaps more than any other single factor, except United States aid, helped keep the United Kingdom financially afloat in the critical postwar years.

The company and the Foreign Office sent protests to the Mosaddeq government and then to the International Court of Justice and the United Nations Security Council, basing their argument on the contract of 1933 with the Iranian government. In particular they referred to an article of this contract that stated that, "the Iranian government would neither annul the concession or alter it by legislation or by administrative measures." However, the Mosaddeq government's clever manipulation of international decisions and pronouncements scored a victory on the diplomatic level.

The eventual solution was forced not by Britain but by Iran herself. Britain, by accelerating the production in her other holdings and by buying oil from other companies, experienced only a gradual and not immediate loss. Iran, on the other hand, began to suffer severely from the shut-down of her industry. Iran had the oil resources but the Iranian engineers were not sufficiently skilled to handle the complex machinery at the refinery at Abadan. Also the tanker fleet that had transported Iranian oil across the Mediter-

<sup>4</sup>Jacob C. Hurewitz, *Middle East Dilemmas* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1953), p. 39.

raneean to the East or to Europe was owned by the company. Thus the Iranian treasury from June 1951 was deprived of oil royalties which represented about 15 per cent of the total government revenue. The company's employees, numbering 70,000 Iranians, were transformed from taxpayers to unproductive employees of the Iranian National Oil Company and thus swelled the numbers of the government payroll.

Mosaddeq mistakenly believed Iranian oil to be indispensable for the West and expected aid from the United States. The United States forbade any American company to take over the management of an industry from which the British had been forced by unilateral action. But the State Department persuaded the government of Iran and the officials from the Anglo-Iranian Company to begin discussions as early as June 1951. These negotiations were often deadlocked and interrupted by changes in government, revolution, etc. Out of favor with the Shah, Mosaddeq was imprisoned in July, 1953.

In September, 1953, Herbert Hoover, Jr. was assigned negotiator. The new Prime Minister and the Shah were anxious to get the oil industry going again as a means of saving the country from financial ruin and possible default to Communism. However, nationalism was still a strong feeling among the people.

Hoover, upon discovering that both Britain and Iran were ready to make a settlement decided on two conclusions: (1) the political situation in Iran required that the oil properties would have to remain nationalized, and (2) so unpopular was the Anglo-Iranian Company, due to the accusations liberally hurled against it, that it would never be permitted to operate the concession alone. Other companies would have to be brought in.

With these points as a basis, Hoover started negotiations with the Iranian government along with many oil companies. The settlement came only after eleven months of negotiation. Under its terms a consortium of eight international oil companies would operate Iran's petroleum industry, and in return, that country's government would receive about 400 million dollars over the first three years that the plan was in operation, after that it was guaranteed a large and continuous income. The date upon which this agreement was signed is August 4, 1954.<sup>5</sup>

The Anglo-Iranian dispute, even if the most important, is only one of the many experienced between the foreign oil companies and the sovereign nations of the Middle East. More recent political problems that have hindered the oil operations are those between the Middle East nations themselves. Because of the political unrest and rivalry of the area, and the constant agitation spurred on by Russia, the companies periodically find themselves in a precarious position. For example, the recent nationalization of the Suez Canal slowed down the transportation of oil from the fields to the markets. Thus it is easy to see why the West is intent on keeping peace in the Middle East.

<sup>5</sup>Fanning, *op. cit.*, p.292.

The human elements in the drama of Middle East oil and the effects of the mingling of Eastern and Western culture on the people cannot be overlooked. The economic and social effects of the development of oil in this area are profound and far-reaching.

As we stated before, the Middle East has never been wealthy. An important cause of the poverty of the rural masses is the unequal distribution of land. A small number of wealthy landowners own a large proportion of the land, and there are thousands of small landowners, tenants and landless laborers.<sup>6</sup> These small holdings are so minute that a sound economy could not result. The owner of the large estates is an absentee owner and takes little interest in the development of his land or the people on it. The small landowner has not the means to develop his land. Due to this lack of enterprise and the primitiveness of the tools and equipment, much of the land is uncultivated. As a result of this, the area is among the worst-nourished in the world and its peoples are susceptible to starvation and diseases.

When King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia granted the concession to the American Standard Oil Company, he gave as his reason,

"I am letting in the Americans for our people's own benefit in order that they may help us improve our living conditions. Saudi Arabia is a desert. It lies barren and fallow. The Americans may, if they find oil, bring water and life to the desert. What brings water and life to the desert is good. What improves the desert and its people is good. The Americans can bring material prosperity to Saudi Arabia and raise the standard of living here, just as they have in their own country."<sup>7</sup>

In line with this concept, some attempts were made to use part of the revenue from oil for general and social welfare, for schools, health and sanitation, for better housing, roads, and agricultural improvements. It would take a great deal of observation to determine whether they have made an advance toward a higher standard of living or whether they are foreign plants which can not strike root in the soil of Middle East traditions.

The main reason why these attempts have not been as successful as they should have been goes back to the influence of the age-old attitude and tradition of the Middle East. Even the public health services reflect the wide social gap that separates the professional class from the masses. Generally, the urban hospitals are well equipped and staffed. But the standards of medicine are unsatisfactory, not because they lack material supplies but because the sense of service and duty, in the West so synonymous with the practice of medicine, is wanting.

Any effort for industrialization is hindered because of the lack of raw materials. Aside from this, these nations could hardly hope to

<sup>6</sup>George E. Kirk, *A Short History of the Middle East* (Washington, D.C.: Public Affairs Press, 1949), p. 233.

<sup>7</sup>Fanning, *op. cit.*, p. 163.

<sup>8</sup>Shwadran, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

withstand the competition from more established industrial nations. But even the limited growth of capitalism in these countries has created a middle class. The long exposure of Egypt to the foreign commercial and cultural influences and her political emancipation have caused the upper-class in that country to lose its importance in favor of this new middle-class.

There has been an increase in the educational budgets especially in Egypt and Iraq since these countries have gained their independence. But the education imparted is more text-book knowledge learned by memory than original thinking and the exercise of the critical faculty. The youth with a middle-class background are beginning, particularly in Egypt, to resent the influence and power exerted in the past by the upper-class. Generally, they have not yet acquired more than the bare externals of Western culture and have not grasped its inner significance. They have grown up in an atmosphere of materialism and have turned from their Arab culture feeling that it is lacking in the only thing of value and that is material success. They are a generation caught in a transition.<sup>9</sup>

These are some of the ways in which the advent of the oil companies and the Western powers influenced the East. But there are still many ancient traditions which the Arabs tenaciously hold on to. To enter into negotiations with these people, an individual or company must proceed in accordance with their laws and customs; to remain in these countries, one must abide by their laws and customs. The conflicts arise where the two cultures clash or where they are not understood.

The foreign policy of our country is radically concerned with the Middle East. The United States was deeply enmeshed in Middle East affairs during the war with the establishment of the Persian Gulf Command, the erection of air fields, and lend-lease aid. But these activities were undertaken almost entirely for the purpose of prosecuting the war. The only lasting and deeply-rooted interest is oil. Springing from this, the United States' economic and technical assistance plan for the Middle East was formulated, and by 1951, embraced almost all the independent nations. Today, the president has \$400,000,000 at his disposal, it is a long range plan and these nations have the potential of paying us back.

During Eisenhower's administration, the main concern is to defend the Middle East from Russian interference, the Middle East which in her oil and her location is so vital to the western defense. Our country is ready to take military action in case of aggression against any of these Arab countries. During the recent uprising in Jordan, the U. S. Seventh Fleet was standing ready to rebuff any Russian interference. Eisenhower's foreign policy toward the Middle East is being explained to the rulers of these countries and friendly cooperation and assistance is a goal which gradually is drawing nearer to actuality.

The Middle East is the key to European economic life and defense. These nations now form a closely connected oil region. Iran,

<sup>9</sup>Kirk, *op. cit.*, p. 250.



Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrein and Qatar are the producing states, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan the states through which the oil is transported by pipeline to the Mediterranean and to Egypt, from which it is transported through the Canal.

The development of the oil industry both in terms of production and in terms of transportation introduced an economic element in the Middle East which has had far-reaching consequences. It brought modern technology and gave employment to thousands of natives. The greatest advantage has been to the countries themselves, the direct payments to the governments for the oil produced have become staggering. In many regions, these payments generally are used for the general welfare and to raise the standard of living. Despite this, the Middle East, with the exception possibly of Turkey and Israel, is weak socially, unstable politically and backward economically. The democratic nations of the world must be ready and willing to fight to hold this region for the democratic world.

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